

STUDY OF INITIAL POINTS ON BOXING

EXPERT TERHUNE TELLS OF PROPER START FOR THE AMBITIOUS BOY.

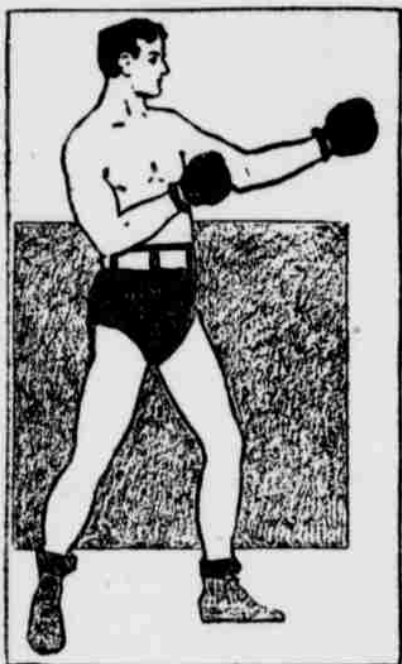
NEED PERFECT LEFT LEAD

When This Feature is Mastered, the Manner of Blocking It with Least Damage Should Be Studied—Position of Feet, Etc., Counts.

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. (Athletic Expert of New York Evening World, Author of "Muscle Building," etc.)

Now pull on your gloves and let's begin the boxing lesson. Never pull on the gloves with the teeth. It is bad for the gloves and not especially good for the teeth. Draw on the gloves carefully and fasten them.

Now get on guard! The left foot should be about half a yard in advance of the right, the weight resting equally on the ball of each foot. Keep the toe of the left foot straight in front, turned neither to right nor left. The right foot should be out at a 45 degree angle. The right heel should be directly in a line with the left. Keep the legs straight when thus on guard. Don't bend the knees. Now for the upper half of the body: Keep this part of the body erect, bending neither far forward nor far backward. The shoulders should always be



On Guard.

squared back, and the chest out. Never lean so far back that you lose your exact poise or so far back that you cannot hit with lightning swiftness. In advancing, the weight should be thrown more on the left foot than the right. But when on guard the weight should be equal on both feet.

Now for the hands and arms. The two hands, when on guard, not only wait to ward off any attack for the face, but the left is supposed to be where it can guard the heart and the right where it can guard that nerve center known as the solar plexus. The solar plexus is just below the point where the ribs begin to separate into an inverted V. The left arm should be advanced beyond the right, the arm from glove to elbow being turned inward enough to "cover" the heart, the elbow being several inches in advance of the body. The right forearm should be partly across the body in order to shelter the solar plexus.

Don't keep the face turned full toward your opponent. Turn it a little to the right. Don't stick the chin out. Now, for the first move: This is the straight left lead. Push the left hand straight toward your opponent's face, just as if it were being drawn thither by an elastic band. In other words, steadily and in a straight line. Don't draw back to deliver the blow. Don't bend the knees. Merely bend the body slightly forward to add force to the blow. Don't hit stiffly. Let the shoulder go forward with the blow. The instant the blow is landed, bring



Straight Left Lead for the Head.

the left arm back to first position again, as when you were standing on guard.

Now for the way to parry this straight left lead for the face: When your opponent leads with his left for your face, raise your right arm, keeping the wrist higher than the elbow, throwing the forearm upward and out, with the hand turned out. Thus you will catch the blow on the fleshy part of the forearm, where, owing to the slant, it will not jar you too hard. Of course it requires some science to slant the forearm just at the op-

portune moment when the blow is about to land, but by doing this first with a slow motion and having your sparring partner execute the blow slowly, this knack may be acquired. The second effort to master that point should be done with a little more speed and so on, until finally the pupil finds himself acquiring just the right twist at the right moment, no matter



Guard for Left Lead for Head.

how fast or unexpectedly the blows may be delivered. Many boxing "professors" consider that, because defense is the rock-bottom principle in boxing, this should be given an unusual amount of time, and therefore the lad who is attempting to perfect himself in the game often finds it necessary to keep up a constant practice at it.

This lead and this parry are the ground work of boxing. Study them carefully, comparing your own pose with those in the illustrations. That will be enough for one lesson.

GETTING THROUGH JAP LINES.

Chinese Spy Carried a Message from One Russian General to Another.

Chinese honesty is proverbial, but would seem to have its exceptions. Rev. John H. K. De Forest of Auburn, Mass., for 35 years resident in Japan and high in the confidence of Japanese statesmen and officials, told of an episode of which he had personal knowledge while with the army of Kuroki in Manchuria:

"Some of the spies used by both sides during the war were Chinese," he said. "Complications not infrequently resulted.

"Kuropatkin one day had a particularly important message to send to Gen. Stoessel. To get through the Japanese lines seemed almost out of the question, but the Russian commander went to a Chinese famous for his skill and intrepidity. The old fellow didn't want to risk it, but Kuropatkin cajoled him to do it, giving him \$300 and promising him \$200 when he returned.

"When he reached the vicinity of the Japanese lines, with an intention that had evidently been with him from the start, he went straight to Kuroki, insisting that his business was very pressing.

"He explained in full to Kuroki that the Russian general had given him a task which he could not perform because of the admirable disposition of the Japanese forces, that therefore he had done the next best thing and come straight to the illustrious leader of the triumphant Japanese.

"Kuroki read the dispatch, gave it back to him, bade him go on to Stoessel with it and return with the answer to the Japanese camp, where he would receive \$500 and be permitted to carry the answer on to Kuropatkin and collect his remaining \$200. The Chinaman carried out his instructions in detail and collected for his exploit \$1,000."

Real Antiquarian Fare.

The news from St. Petersburg that some Russian scientists have been making a meal off the flesh of a 100,000 year old mammoth recalls a remarkable dinner given by a Brussels antiquary named Goebel:

"At that dinner," said one of the guests, "I ate apples that ripened more than 1,500 years ago; bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was queen of England, and I washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa."

The apples which formed part of the dessert were grown before Pompeii was overwhelmed; in fact, they were rescued from its ruins. The wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth, and the wheat was found in a chamber in one of the Pyramids. It is interesting to know that this antiquarian fare was all excellent, the fruit particularly being described as of as fine flavor as if it had just been taken from the trees.

Would Close Opium Dens.

According to Viceroy Tuan Fang there are 1,930 opium shops in the Shanghai foreign settlements, and he wants orders from Peking to close them.

Important Swiss Industry.

More than 13,000 persons in Switzerland are employed in the ribbon industry.

AND IT'S SUCH A LITTLE THING, TOO!

Mr. Luggins made a wild dash for an up-town subway express and missed it by the tenth of an inch. Then he walked back to the center of the platform and stopped.

"I've forgotten something," he muttered. "I know I've forgotten something."

Now, Mr. Luggins' arms and pockets were so filled with bundles that it seemed utterly ridiculous for him to say he had forgotten anything. "Yes," he continued; "I have forgotten something. But what in thunder it is I can't make out. It's not Susan's hair ribbon, for that's in my upper vest pocket; it's not Ann's tooth paste, for that's in my lower vest pocket; and it's not Bobbie's collars, for I'm sure I stuffed them in my hat. Now, what in the dickens can it be? It can't be the stove polish, or the picture wire, or the bird seed, or the sample package of Peeled Wheat, or the toothpicks, for they're in this bundle; and it can't be the carpet tacks, or the spool of No. 40 cotton, or the bottle of marking ink, or the colored post cards, for they're all in that bundle. Maybe it's—Yes, by heavens, that's it! I've forgotten to buy the piano!"—J. P. Rome, in Judge.

The Weight of Years.

"A woman," remarked the observer of things and events, "doesn't begin to feel the weight of years until she discovers her first gray hair."

"And a man," rejoined the strong-minded female, "begins to feel the weight of them on his twenty-first birthday, and it takes about 15 years for it to wear off."—Chicago Daily News.

Why Not?

"Tommy was having his hair cut, and the barber got the shears pretty close to the boy's head, so Tommy began to cry."

"Oh, fie, Tommy!" said his mother; "you don't cry when I'm cutting you a piece of pie!"

"Well, I do if you cut it too short!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Sign of Trouble.

"I'm afraid I'm going to lose our hired girl."

"What makes you think so?"

"I heard her telephoning to her beau and she said she expected to spend the summer at Newport. I wish to goodness those hotel men would hire their dining-room girls elsewhere."—Detroit Free Press.

SMART MAN, BROWN!



"But I say, Brown, why do you wear that awful hat?"

"Because, my dear chap, Mrs. Brown vows she will not go out of the house with me till I get a new one."

Vernal Immunity.

Who cares though north winds feebly blow And skies look down in sullen rage? At present 'tis enough to know We've gotten past the blizz stage.

—Washington Star.

A Wise One.

"That author keeps his identity closely concealed."

"Yes; until I read his books I thought it was due to modesty."

"Isn't it?"

"No; discretion."—Sacred Heart Review.

The Archives.

"You can't always judge a politician by his campaign text-book."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "but you could often find out a lot that's interesting and important by getting a look into his check-book."—Washington Star.

Tenure Explained.

"That man makes a great many mistakes," said one factory employe.

"Yes," answered the other, "more than all the rest of us put together. The foreman keeps him around to have some one to jump on and show that he's boss."—Washington Star.

Signs of Favor.

"What makes you think our candidate is not popular with the masses?" inquired one political promoter.

"Because," answered the other, "no one makes fun of his whiskers or calls him by his first name."—Washington Star.

Expectations and Hopes.

"You must expect to work if you are elected to office," said the serious statesman.

"Of course," answered the easy-going man. "I'll expect to work. But that won't prevent me from hoping to be disappointed."—Washington Star.

Quite of Her Opinion.

Gushing Young Lady (to famous actor)—Oh, Mr. Sinclair, I did so want to have a talk with you. I'm simply mad to go on the stage.

Sinclair—Yes; I should think you would be, my dear young lady!

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Raised Up When Science Said There Was No Hope.

G. W. L. Nesbitt, Depot Street, Marion, Ky., writes: "I was a chronic invalid with kidney troubles, and often wished death might end my awful sufferings. The secretions were thick with sediment, my limbs swollen and my right side so nearly paralyzed I could not raise my hand above my head. The doctor held out no hope of my recovery, and I had given up, but at last started using Doan's Kidney Pills and made a rapid gain. After three months' use I was well and at work again."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



SANDY ATE THE "PARRITCH."

But He Had to Play Mean Trick on Himself to Do It.

An old gentleman in a village not far from Glasgow breakfasted every morning on porridge, and, in order to save fuel, cooked a whole week's supply every Saturday. One Friday morning the stuff seemed very cold and very salt, and he felt he must abandon the struggle to eat it. But his stubborn nature forbade any such thought. So he fetched the whisky from the cupboard, poured out a glass and placed it before him on the table.

"Now, Sandy," said he, "if ye eat that parritch ye'll have that whisky, an' if ye don't ye won't."

He stuck again at the last spoonful, but keeping his eye steadily on the glass of whisky, he made a bold, brave effort, and got it down. Then he slowly and carefully poured back the whisky into the bottle with a broad grin, as he said to himself: "Sandy, my lad, I did ye that time, ye old fule!"

THEY WERE RETURNED.



Amy (after theiff)—I shall return you everything you have given me. George (cheerfully)—All right, then. Suppose we start at the kisses first.

He Didn't Care.

"I like simplicity," said Senator Beveridge to a Washington reporter. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble, too. Two men met in front of a hotel one day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze. "An' now," the speaker pompously concluded, "perhaps you will coincide with me?"

"The other's face brightened up. "Why, yes, thanks, old man," he declared heartily, moving toward the barroom door, "I don't care if I do."—Home Magazine.

Paving the Way.

"George," said the pretty girl, "I know you're awful bashful." This was portentous, with leap year so new. He blushed assent. "And you'd have proposed to me except for that?"

This, too, he was bound to acknowledge.

"Well, I would have accepted," she went on, "and so that's settled." Discussing the matter later she expressed a natural pride that she had not taken any advantage of the season.

FRIENDS HELP.

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

90 BUSHEL OF OATS TO THE ACRE.

WHAT MR. KALTENBRUNNER HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS GRAIN CROPS IN CENTRAL CANADA.

Writing from Regina, Saskatchewan, Central Canada, Mr. A. Kaltenbrunner writes:—

"Some years ago I took up a homestead for myself, and also one for my son. The half section which we own adjoins the Moose Jaw Creek; is a low, level and heavy land. We put in 70 acres of wheat in stubble which went 20 bushels to the acre, and 30 acres of summer fallow, which went 25 bushels to the acre. All the wheat we harvested this year is No. 1 Hard. That means the best wheat that can be raised on the earth. We did not sell any wheat yet, as we intend to keep one part for our own seed, and sell the other part to people who want first class seed, for there is no doubt if you sow good wheat you will harvest good wheat. We also threshed 9,000 bushels of first class oats out of 160 acres. 80 acres has been fall plowing, which yielded 90 bushels per acre, and 80 acres stubble, which went 20 bushels to the acre. These oats are the best kind that can be raised. We have shipped three carloads of them, and got 53 cents per bushel clear. All our grain was cut in the last week of the month of August before any frost could touch it.

"Notwithstanding the fact that we have had a late spring, and that the weather conditions this year were very adverse and unfavorable, we will make more money out of our crop this year than last.

"For myself I feel compelled to say that Western Canada crops cannot be checked, even by unusual conditions."

Information regarding free homestead lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta may be had on application to any Canadian Government Agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere. He will give you information as to best route and what it will cost you to reach these lands for purposes of inspection.

He Wanted Pie.

William J. Ryan, president of the supreme council of public hackmen of New York, said the other day that the winter panic had reduced the hackmen's receipts considerably.

"We'll have to come down to English rates—12 cents a mile instead of 50 cents—if we have many more such panics," Mr. Ryan said. "Everybody felt the pinch. I overheard a tramp grumbling in a public square.

"The trade ain't like it used to be," he said. "Here ten times running to-day I've asked for a bit of bread, and what do they give me? Why, darn it, just a bit o' bread."

Returned Him.

A man returned to his native village after having emigrated to Kansas some 20 years previous. He asked about different villagers he had known in the old days, and finally of the town drunkard of his time.

"Oh, he's dead," was the reply. "Well, well; dead and buried is he?"

"Nope; they didn't bury him."

"Didn't bury him?" exclaimed the former resident. "Well, then, what did they do with him?"

"Oh, they just poured him back in the jug."

Reflected Sentiment.

"Whenever that man speaks, you know exactly what he thinks," remarked the admiring auditor. "I shouldn't say that," answered the cautious person. "But you know exactly what he thinks his constituents want him to think."

GARFIELD

Digestive Tablets.

From your druggist, or the Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. 25c per bottle.

Louisiana has a steel sawmill with a capacity of 600,000 feet a day, which is said to be the largest in this country.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When jealousy gets busy love takes a vacation.

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OILED SUITS, SLICKERS AND HATS. Every garment guaranteed Clean - Light - Durable. Suits \$3.99 Slickers \$3.99.

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NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public.

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heart Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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